The Fickle Northern Lass;

OR,

The Wronged Shepherds Resolution.

He thought himself the jolliest of the crew | And was not constant to abide the Tryal:
Whilst that his love remained firm and true; | Which made him to resolve thus in his mind,
But she false Maid did prove to him disloyal, | Never to trust no more to women kind.

Tune of, *There was a Lass in the North Country, &c.*

There was a Lass in the North Country,
and she had lovers two or three,
But she unkindly dealt by one,
who had to her great favour shown:
Which made him thus for to complain,
I never will see my love again:
For since that she hath chang'd her mind,
Ile trust no more to women kind.

I gave her Ribbonds for to wear,
and now and then a pair of gloves,
But she unkindly dealt by me,
and gave them to her other loves;
But now in the Country will I hye,
And for to seek a new victory.
For since that she hath chang'd her mind,
He trust no more to women kind.

Sometimes she vow'd she did me love,
and I was apt for to believe,
But all her flattering words did prove,
no more then baits for to deceive:
As I do find it to my pain,
Therefore i'le never believe again.
for since that she hath chang'd her mind,
Ile trust no more to women kind.

As she was fair, had she been true,
I should a had no cause to rue;
But she was fickle in her mind,
subject to waver with the wind:
With each new face that she did see,
She presently in love would be.
And since that she hath chang'd her mind,
Ile trust no more to women kind.

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I Muſt confeſs that in my eye,
She was a Pearl, I valued high;
But what is beauty without grace,
Or one where vertue hath no place;
Her falſe alluring ſmiles no more,
Shall draw my ſenſes out of door.
For ſince that ſhe hath chang'd her mind,
Ile truſt no more to women kind.

I gave her heart, I gave her hand,
And all I had at her command,
She could not ask what ſhe would have,
But preſently the ſame I gave;
Yet all my favours prov'd in vain,
For ſhe would not requite my pain;
Then ſince, &c.

When I did think her moſt ſecure,
Another did her mind allure;
And by ſome crafty wiles ſhe went,
To undermine my ſweet content;
So that I now repent the day,
That e're I caſt my love away.
For ſince, &c.

But now my reſolution's ſuch,
To ſuffer for my loving much;
All womens company i'le ſhun,
For fear I further be undone;
And go where none hath power to know,
The ſubject of my grief and woe:
for ſince, &c.

And in ſome dark and diſmal place,
There will I build my ſelf a Cave,
And in ſome low and barren ground,
Where none but Shepherds can be found,
Ile find a place for to bewail,
My ſorrows which doth me aſſail:
for ſince, &c.

Some ſhady deſert I will chuſe,
Which other mortals all refuſe,
And on the Trees her name i'le carve,
That doth from me ſo ill deſerve;
That future ages all may know,
What love to her I once did owe;
And ſince, &c.

The purling ſtreams with me ſhall mourn,
And leaves relenting all ſhall turn,
The Wood-nimphs who my plaint do hear,
Shall new and then afford a tear;
All blaming her for cruelty,
That brought me to this miſery.
And ſince, &c.

And when my time is drawing nigh,
I will prepare my ſelf to dye;
The Robin Red breaſts kind will be
Perhaps with leaves to cover me:
Then to the world i'le bid adieu,
And unto her that prov'd untrue.
For ſince that ſhe did change her mind,
Young-men beware of women kind.

Printed for *F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright*, and *Clarke*.